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Bee Gee News May 3, 1932

Bowling Green State University

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STAFF SCHEDULES LEAP YEAR DANCE

Of vital importance to seven hundred students attending our thriving institution will be the news that an all-school Leap Year Dance is to be held Friday, May 13, being sponsored by the staff of your paper.

Although plans are as yet tentative, it is certain that the foregoing number of feminine students will come into their own for this one night, at least. With the chance to make their own dates the prospect for the co-eds bringing forth some surprisingly suppressed desires appears bright.

Details of the dance are now being considered, and next week we anticipate being in a position to enlighten you further regarding this momentous event.

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RADIO PROGRAM

Bowling Green State College, May 13, 1932, 8-8:30 p. m., Station WEAO, Ohio State University.

Allegro vivace from Quartet in E flat....
.....Mozart

College String Quartet

Donald Armstrong, 1st Violin
Sidney Baron, 2nd Violin
Merrill McEwen, Viola
Ellsworth Capen, 'Cello

Bowling Green State College, A Unit of the State System of Higher Education.

Dr. H. B. Williams, President

Dr. Clyde Hissong, Dean, College of Education

Dr. J. R. Overman, Dean, College of Liberal Arts

Songs: (a) The Crying on the Water....

.....Tipton-Campbell

(b) The Moon behind the Cottonwood

.....Cadman

Marjorie M. Sams, Mezzo-soprano

Kathryn Sams, accompanist

Menuetto for String Quartet, Sidney Baron
College String Quartet

Tell all Bee Gee people to tune in.

-- -- --

P. T. A. at Emerson

The last meeting of Emerson proved to be one of the most entertaining as well as interesting ones of the season. All members went home much wiser as how to act at a parent-teacher's meeting. Several motions were brought before the meeting which caused much heated discussion pro and con.

Arrangements were made at this meeting for the annual picnic to be held May 11. All members planning to attend the picnic are requested to sign a paper which will appear on the cork board May 10.

Sorority and Fraternity Members

Inter-Sorority Fraternity Mixer Friday, May 6th, in the Women's Gym at 8:00 o'clock. Come WITHOUT DATES. Go home as you choose. Bids are 25c. See the representative of your organization for them.

-- -- --

Men's Glee Club Presents First Spring Concert

Broadcasts Program from Toledo

Under the direction of Professor Leon Fauley, of the Music Department, the Mens' Glee Club presented its first formal program in the college auditorium last night. The program was so arranged that, starting with the works of old masters of the 17th century, selections were given tracing the works of famous composers down to modern times.

In addition to the numbers given by the chorus, solos, duets, readings and quartette work were included.

Sunday afternoon the group motored to Toledo for a 30-minute broadcast from station WSPD, which, friends tell us, was very good.

Since this is the first year for the organization both the director and members of the club were glad for the opportunity of getting on the air, and hope to soon schedule a date for another broadcast, this time from Fort Wayne.

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Drama Class Presents Two One-Act Dramas

The Play Production Class presented a program of two one-act plays in the college auditorium on Tuesday evening, April 26.

The first play, "The Nubian Slave," was an original written and directed by Eleanor Hobart, a member of the Drama Class. This was an historical play presenting an episode from the life of Richard the Lion-hearted during the First Crusade. The story was taken from "The Talisman," by Scott.

Miss Hobart assembled an excellent cast which consisted of Clifford Stevenson, Eddie Loomis, Wallace Lackey, Steve Madaras, Robert Butler, Mary Finch, Lucille Clague, and Franklin Gottfried. The entire production was a splendid piece of work.

"The Violin Maker of Cremona," a one-act play by Coppler was also presented. This marked the second performance of the play this year. It was directed by Vivian White.

COLLEGE BAND IN SPRING CONCERT

Thursday evening, May 5th, the College Band will present its Spring Concert. The band will be assisted by two instrumental ensembles, and Miss Marjorie Sams, soprano soloist. A brass sextet, with membership drawn from the band, will play. An attractive feature of the program will be a group of numbers by a flute quartet from the Conservatory of Oberlin College. This ensemble is very unusual, one rarely unique grouping of instruments. Members of the band are very happy to be able to bring this Oberlin group before a Bowling Green audience.

Students will be admitted by presentation of student activity cards, a small charge being asked of others to defray expenses of the concert.

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BEE GEE STAGES BIG TRACK MEET

Heidelberg walked off with the victory in the track meet between Bowling Green, Bluffton, Toledo U., Ohio Northern and Heidelberg held here Saturday, April 30. The remaining teams finished in the following order. Toledo U, 2nd, Bluffton, 3rd, Ohio Northern 4th and Bowling Green last.

While our boys didn't do as well as we might like them to, they acquitted themselves well in this type of competition and they are serving notice that the time is not far distant when they are going to give any Ohio Conference team plenty of competition. Track as a major sport is fast picking up interest in Bowling Green and with this interest, better teams and faster competition are bound to come.

Outstanding men in Saturday's meet

(Continued on page 3)

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SKOLS SPRING SPORT DANCE

The spring dance season was delightfully ushered in Friday night by the Skol Sport Dance.

Nearly 100 couples, attired in sport clothes, together with Lake's orchestra made this gala event one of the outstanding dances of the school year.

Faculty guests were Dr. Williamson, Miss Canon, Dr. McCain, and Dr. and Mrs. Hissong.

Refreshments consisted of aqua pura.

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Father: "My son, I am a self-made man."

Son: "Pop, there's one thing I like about you. You always take the blame for everything."

BEE GEE NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY THE
STUDENTS AND FACULTYOF
BOWLING GREEN STATE COLLEGE

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BOWLING GREEN, OHIO
IN CARE OF B. G. S. C.

Quit Kidding

In spite of sophistication, perhaps the most glamorous picture of Washington is the Cherry Tree episode. Continual emphasis is placed on honesty as a part of our policy and character. Notwithstanding the continual conditioning, we throw the character types by the board in our anxious struggle for material rewards. If all our bluffs were put together, we would accumulate a mountain of poor scholarship. If all dishonesty in intent and action were accounted, these halls of our college would be jails.

For these deplorable conditions we find two causes: The inordinate demand of some professors and the attitude of some students. The demands of the professor may be of two natures—each of which brings as its fruit a type of dishonesty. The amount of work may be so staggering that the student can logically alibi his bluff or cheating. On the other hand the type of work used, examinations, papers, etc., may be such that the S-R bonds may function more easily in the practice of dishonesty. Obviously to eliminate an unfavorable response the stimulus must be removed.

On the other hand students are readily divisible into three classes. Those who see no wrong in cheating, those who cheat and alibi, and those who through fear or principle will not cheat. To the first group, intelligence is to be measured as finesse in deception. To the second, the grade is the goal; to the third, work seems futile because it does not get one as far as dishonesty. So it is that education loses its glamor and force, its power and its value. Let's be better sports. Let's quit kidding ourselves and others. Let's eliminate the gross-est and most evident stimuli to dishonesty. *Quit kidding and live.*

-:- -:- -:-

Grades are out again, and all is set for the final stretch. Let's go, students! It isn't too late to make a few changes in the average for each class. Who knows what good a good bunch of grades will do you in the future? Better be prepared for any emergency and have as good ones as possible.

In the Editor's Mail

The editors' or whoever has caused the change, are to be complimented upon the wonderful improvement in the BEE GEE NEWS in the last few weeks. I take this opportunity to suggest that every reader at least stop and think of how much better the paper is now than several months previous to this time. Everyone should consider this little task (and not so little for some) his duty in experiencing appreciation for steps taken in giving us a college paper enjoyable and worth reading.

Observation shows to me that I am not the only one who has gained renewed interest in our paper. Soon after ten o'clock on every Tuesday students are seen walking on the campus, heads hung, books under one arm, and the BEE GEE NEWS in both hands—reading on the go, so to speak. In the library at 11:00 students lay aside their old books and read the News. The paper is not only being read, but, in addition, it is being talked about. Interesting articles by students and "who got in the hall of fame and why" are topics much discussed. To me all this is bold and unshaking evidence of a successful paper.

With these conditions outstanding and under the influence of my own convictions, I am urged to emphasize that the staff of the BEE GEE NEWS surely deserves compliments for this fine accomplishment.

N. T. E.

Not the Editors

-:- -:- -:-

Word has come to our editorial ears that a very prominent student on this campus made a statement in class that the buildings on the campus were "blunt"! We are certainly surprised that such an opinion could be held by anyone supposedly intelligent.

It is evident that some people from rural districts; tyros who seldom venture farther away from home than from home than from New Rochester to Bowling Green have little background for such a judgment. The debaters who during the year visit many campuses say that rarely do they encounter buildings so beautiful as our own library, or so stately as our "ad" building. Likewise, the comments of visitors to Bee Gee are unanimously complimentary.

Perhaps the old adage about familiarity breeding contempt is applicable here. If so, we need to detach ourselves from the familiar for a few moments, and, as Wordsworth was wont to do, look at it until it becomes strange and, incidentally, beautiful.

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THE GREAT NOW AND NOW

A point in Dr. Beskin's lecture of a week ago is worthy of our serious attention. If you will recall, the Dr. pointed out that all-to-common trait of magnifying the things that are far from us.

That even carries over to us as college students. Now that we have an opportunity to learn at the feet of masters, we insist on merely getting by, thinking that in

Announcements

Thursday—Band Concert.

Friday—Inter Fraternity-Sorority Mixer.

Saturday—Three Kay Formal.

-:- -:- -:-

Pen Pictures of Profs

A rather curly headed man nervously paces the floor. As he reaches the one corner of the room he hesitates, as if to allow the student time to grasp the significance of his lecture. For a moment he whirls the knife on his watch chain, strokes his chin and then resumes his sentry-like pace. Every point is driven home with the relentlessness of a nervous temperament. At intervals he punctuates his discourse with a story or joke that all the more enlighten the occasion.

Nor is this man alone interested in test tubes and reactions. His work about and for the college has contributed greatly to advancement we have made in both the social and educational field. A dynamo of energy in human form—that is the keynote of his work.

-:- -:- -:-

Baseball season is here, and the boys are doing, so, far, an excellent piece of work. Let's support them. They certainly deserve it. A large crowd doubles a nine's power; also it advertises to visiting teams the loyalty of Bee Gee to its athletes. Let's go!

-:- -:- -:-

Dear Mr. U-No-Hoo:

You have my sympathy for following my advice. Live and learn. Miss Nix

-:- -:- -:-

No man has ever kept young by thinking his conscience old fashioned.

Something always happens when an irresistible force strikes an immovable object. And again when a broad view tries to crowd into a narrow mind.

the sweet by and by the information wasn't amount to anything anyway. What are we going to do in the sweet by and by? We can only anticipate; we cannot realize.

Somebody wrote a book on How to be Happy. In it the author says, "Youth lives a life of anticipation; old age, a life of retrospect." In other words "When I graduate I'm going to, or, "Back in the good old days when I was in college we"

The past and future occupy important positions, to be sure, but they are so intangible, so far away. Like Patrick O'Brien who was born in Dublin because he wanted to be close to his mother, so should we be primarily interested in the ever-near present; pass up the "sweet by and by" for the tangible and omnipresent "Great now and now."

THE INQUIRING REPORTER



What is your favorite diversion?

"Oh, just playing around when I haven't anything to do."—Helen Bryan.

"Eating apples while driving."—Barney Kennedy.

"Maintaining my social prestige in the library."—Wayne Champion.

"Playing 'Yankee Doodle' on my piccolo."—Lois Von Kaenel.

"Snoring in my sleep."—Dale Kinney.

"Making dates for my brother to keep."—Gerald Farrell.

"Telling fairy tales—and that's a fairy tale."—Margie Fogle.

"Huntin' snipes."—Marge Uberroth.

"Arguing with Lois Von Kaenel."—Vic Sosnoski.

"Hitting home runs."—Bob Sheffer.

"Dancing in a burlap sack."—Wallie Lackey.

"Staying at the house on Friday nights."—Franklin Gottfried.

"Keeping Schaller in fags."—Bud Helmes.

"Getting to my dates sometime during the evening."—Maury Stearns.

"Walking a slack rope over Niagara Falls in a hurricane."—Bob Boyer.

"Getting grades for Helmes."—Johnny Johnson.

"Hi-jacking test questions."—Eddie Loomis.

"Eatin'."—Lee Notestine.

"Same as Bob Butler's."—Johnny Delo.

"Same as Johnny's. (May get same by personal interview)."—Bob Butler

"Keeping Ford Murray off the beer wagon."—Bus Perry.

"Giggling."—Polly Ward.

"Holding the men down."—Mae Knauss.

"Topping the timber."—Dick Ellis.

"Feedin' the boys a line."—Georgie Gill.

"Spillin' my dinner on my blouse."—Marie Taylor.

"Sleepin'."—Dot Nietz (and others)

ANOTHER WIN

The Falcon Baseball team journeyed to Bluffton on last Wednesday afternoon where they picked another scalp that will dangle from their belt. The score was 7 to 5.

A fair sized crowd was on hand to see the boys from Bee Gee display their wares and they were rewarded in a number of ways. Harry Hawkins turned in another nice win and not only did he give a good exhibition on the mound but he contributed a timely home run that helped put the game in the Frigidaire. Hawkins was also on the scoring end of a squeeze play that was engineered perfectly by Bob Sheffer. Yoder and Sheffer each contributed lusty triplets while the fact that Tennant and Yoder each got three hits should not go by without mention.

All in all, it was a mighty close and hard-fought game from the time the "umps" shouted "play ball" until the last man was retired in the last of the ninth.

The next home game will be with Defiance on May 4th. Everybody turn out. The team this year is deserving of your support.

-:- -:- -:-

Commoners' News

Last Tuesday evening the Jacksonian degree was given the thirteen pledges of the fraternity. The great number of them seems to cramp our style to a certain extent. Ira Smith, who stays at the house, seems to have gone air-minded. Recently he spent a night in the rafters—somehow the bed was placed up there.

-:- -:- -:-

Week at Williams

Well, we are on the last lap now. The last six week's board bills have been paid. We are sure of eats and a place to sleep for another month yet, anyhow.

The rock garden behind the dorm will soon be in tip-top shape. Mrs. Bowen has been working on it for some time; and it really looks nice.

If you see a bunch of stripes coming around the corner, think nothing of it. It is Fern Kaiser working on her new dress.

In case you are interested in witnessing a real argument, come down to 16 when one is going on. It seems the whole corridor is getting argumentative. It must be the weather.

"Why can't people return things when they borrow them?" is the popular question now. (And probably always will be.)

We know a little girl who wrote to Vincent Lopez for an autographed picture. And she got it too! (They're free).

TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 1)

were Blum of Heidelberg in the field events and Friedman of Toledo in the dashes. For Bowling Green, Rust and McArtor looked good in the quarter, while Decker is quite promising in the broad jump.

Following is the summary of the meet:

100 yard dash won by Friedman, T; 2, Wentz, H; 3, Richenbach, Bluf.; 4, Keil, H.; 5, Kristenak, BG. Time :11.

One mile run won by Niederhauser, H; 2, Kessler, Bluf; 3, Arnold, O. N.; 4, Folger, T; 5, Powell, H. Time 4:48.

Shot Put won by Blum, H; 2, Brown, O. N.; 3, Shack, H; 4, Kleiwer, Bluf.; 5, Fretz, Bluf. Distance, 42 ft. 5 in.

120 High Hurdles won by Fields, H; 2, Rieman, T; 3, Yourist, H; 4, Baxter, T; 5, Ellis, BG. Time, :17.

440 Yard run won by Rust, BG; 2, McArtor, BG; 3, Smith, H; 4, Emery, T; 5, Duhime, T. Time, :56.

220 yard dash won by Friedman, T; Richenbach, Bluf.; 3, Keil, H; 4, Conrad, Bluf; 5, Kristenak, BG. Time, :23.6.

880 yard run won by Woerhle, T; 2, Brandy, H; 3, Hoke, Bluf; 4, Hartsough, H; 5, Kessler, Bluf. Time, 2:08.6.

220 yard low hurdles won by Baxter, T; 2, Fields, H; 3, Rieman, T; 4, Hilty, Bluf.; 5, Roemisch, O. N. Time, :27.

Two mile run won by Folger, T; 2, Arnold, O. N.; 3, Babalmenti, O. N.; 4, Powell, H; 5, Beebe, T. Time, 10:56.

Broad jump won by Alexander, T; 2, Wentz, H; 3, Decker, BG; 4, Richenbach, Bluf.; 5, Friedman, T. Distance, 20 ft. 3 3-4 in.

Discus won by Blum, H; 2, Donnett, H; 3, Kliever, Bluf.; 4, Alexander, T; 5, Traub BG. Distance, 121 ft. 7 1-4 in.

High jump won by Schoeublin, Bluf; 2, Hindek, O. N.; 3, tied between Frasher, O. N., Smith, H., Baxter, T. and Ellis, BG. Height, 5 ft., 6 in.

Javelin won by Moor, T; 2, Blum, H; 3, Conrad, Bluf.; 4, Evans, BG; 5, Eschack, H. Distance, 152 ft., 9 1-4 in.

Pole vault won by Young, T; 2, Beck, H; 3, Roberts, Bluf.; 4, Hedderly, O. N.; 5, Schaller, BG. Height, 11 ft.

Mile relay won by Heidelberg; 2, Toledo; 3, Bowling Green. Time 3:40.2.

Total score—Heidelberg, 74 1-2; Toledo, 52 1-2; Bluffton, 38; Ohio Northern, 22 1-3; Bowling Green 21 12.

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IN MEMORIAM

Underneath this pile of stones,
Lies the body of Jimmie Jones.

His name was Smith, it wasn't Jones;
Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

-:- -:- -:-

M. C. Hiebert: "The more I read of this the less I know."

M. A. McGinnis: "You must be well read."

-:- -:- -:-

Bob Christy: "Didn't I meet you here two years ago?"

Helen Clingman: "I think so, your face feels familiar."

Bits From a Co-ed's Diary

Sept. 13. Arrived at the dorm safe and sound. Got acquainted with a Soph next door. She seems very nice, but I've heard that Sophs change when initiation time rolls 'round. Here's hoping they won't throw us in barrels of flour, as the Soph next door tells me.

Sept. 14 Awoke at what I considered an unearthly early hour—6:30—so that I could register before the crowd came. But evidently everyone else had the same bright idea, cause it took me till one o'clock to become a registered Freshman. (Gee! That sounds as tho I'm a Holstein cow or some-thin'.)

Sept. 15. Went to the Freshman Reception. Met some "profs" and danced. At least I managed to stagger along the floor with the rest of the crowd. One of the football men danced with me. (He must have been a football man 'cause he made at least six touchdowns on my peta corns). He had a line strong enough to hang the week's wash on. Needless to say, I had a good time.

Sept. 21. How kind of the Sophs to ALLOW us to eat with our plates in our laps. We Freshmen don't seem to have much influence around this college.

Sept. 23. I knew it was coming! The Sophs woke us Freshmen at midnight and made us crawl downstairs on our hands and knees, slapping us not so gently with paddles on every portion of our anatomy. Gosh! I never knew I could hurt so many places at once. When we got down in the mess hall, the Sophs made me sing "Sweet Adeline" but by the time I was thru, the song sounded like "Squeal You Swine!" But I felt so good afterwards that I told the Sophs I could sing like that all nite. They told me not to bother. What nerve!

Oct. 7. I mixed my dates tonite and had to go to the show with Jim instead of Bill. I would rather have gone with Bill as he is always affected by the love scenes while Jim just sits thru them like a Sphinx. Opportunity would probably be eaten up by the wolf at the door before Jim would respond to her knocking. That's how slow he is.

Oct. 24. Dave took me to the Masquerade Dance. I went as a pirate. Dave didn't need any disguise. That boy's face is his misfortune, but he surely can dance.

Dec. 5. According to Dr. Kohl I've been neglecting my History terribly. Well, what do I care when Cortez discovered America or why the colonists objected to the Revolution. I can't see how that affects me. Personally, I'm interested in the present and also the "future."

Jan. 29. Hurrah! Managed to pass in all my subjects. Pulled a D from Kohl but confidentially I think he must have copied the wrong grade 'cause I still believe I deserved an "F." Naturally however, I'm not going to complain about my grade as Kohl would be liable to raise it to a "C." (Yes he would—not!)

Feb. 27. Went to the Glee Club Formal

Leaves O' Grass

ME

Greta Garbo is a wonder!
She gets much publicity;
Now if I should be her double
Then would Paramount sign me?

Everyone likes Mister Bernie!
"Hope you like it," is his cry.
Would people still tune in that station
If the maestro were I?

Everyone has heard of Shakespeare;
Heard of Poe and Francis Key!
When I'm dead and gone like they are,
Then will people hear of me?
Maybe I am egotistic;
But the things that I can't see—
Is why some get all the glory
So that none is left for me.

—Baldwin

HORSE VERSUS FORD

No license buying every year,
With plates to screw on front and rear;

No gas bills climbing up each day,
Stealing the joy of life away;

No speed cops chugging on your rear,
Yelling summons in your ear;

Your inner tubes are all O. K.,
And "Thank the Lord" they stay that way.

Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style;

Your wants are few and easy met,
You've something on the "lizzie" yet!

—Barrett

INFINITE

The flowers, birds, and trees
Are found in every land,
In each the poet sees
The work of God's creative hand.

With unpoetic eyes
I try to comprehend,
But, ah, with many sighs
I find I can but just pretend.

—Kinney

with Bill. I must have gotten fat or some-thin' 'cause my formal was so tight I pulled like a steam engine after every dance. Bill wasn't so comfortable either. His collar must have been too small 'cause his Adam's apple kept playing tag with his larynx. He looked so funny that I wanted to laugh, but didn't dare, for fear I'd split my dress. We were both glad when the evening was over.

April 20. I've just decided that Bill isn't my ideal after all. I sorta fell for the young soloist in the Cossack Chorus tonite. If Bill only had a voice like that he'd be perfect. O well, no one is perfect, not even I. Guess I'll ask Bill to the Leap Year Dance. So long, Diary, I must get my beauty sleep.

SUCH IS LIFE

"You are mine, you are mine," old pussy cat cried
As out on the lawn, a red robin he spied.
Robin sang to his mate, with a plaintive love call,
Not sensing the fate, that to him might fall.

They were building a nest, this adorable pair,
And would flit to and fro, light as feathers in air.
No sound pussy made, as she stealthily crept
To the foot of the tree—then pretended she slept.

With a wee, little squint, as they worked with a will,
Pussy watched as each gathered a straw in his bill.
He rose for a moment, then started to fall,
Pussy swallowed poor robin, feet, feathers, and all.

Mrs. Robin mourned long for her mate kind and true,
Then selected another, as all widows do.
Perched high on a limb, where often she sat,
This, her warning to all birds, "beware of a cat."

—Champion

MODERN EDUCATION

Most modern schools of today
Teach facts in a peculiar way.
They let us fall into a coma
And think Success comes with a Diploma.

But once we're turned out into life
And take our graduate work in strife
The truest and saddest thing that's found
There's not enough success to go around.

This does not mean that we should shirk,
Nor in any way neglect our work;
But let us profit by this fixed rule
And learn to fight while were in school.

—Seibert

D. Kinney (in library): "What are you looking for?"

Miss Blum: "Adam Bede."

D. K.: "Maybe it rolled underneath this table."

An Irishman in Russia, being examined by the Soviet for citizenship:

"If you had a million dollars, would you give half to the State?"

Mike: "Sure".

"If you had 1000 acres of land, would you give half to the State?"

Mike: "Sure".

"If you had two shirts, would you give one to the State?"

Mike: "No."

"Why not?"

Mike: "Well, I've got two shirts."—Life.

ODE TO SENIORS

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand;
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.
I would not be president,
I would not be a king,
I would not be an emperor,
For all the wealth 'twould bring.
I would not be an angel,
For angels have to sing;
I'd rather be a Senior
And not do anything.

-:- -:- -:-

Now - -

In Bowling Green for
the first time
**MAX FACTOR'S
HOLLYWOOD
SOCIETY MAKE-UP**

**PATTON'S DRUG
STORE**

108 S. Main St.

NOTICE!

If you want good cleaning and
pressing, bring it to

**BISH'S NATIONAL
DYERS & CLEANERS**

Our new location—121 E. Court
Prices Reasonable

Don't Forget

— a —
Gift for Mother

— On —

Mother's Day

Give a Lasting Remembrance

**PICTURE FRAME &
GIFT SHOP**

180 S. Main

— Let —
Flowers Say it
— to —

Mother
Mother's Day, May 8

**BRIGHAM'S FLOWER
SHOPPE**

174 S. Main

An Impressionist Visits
Natural Dancing Class

Lithe bodies unconcernedly gossiping and
stretching toes while awaiting the opening
music.

A bounding rush toward the center of the
floor. A series of rhythmic exercises ex-
hibiting strength, earnestness, poise, grace.
A sudden termination of movement.

The smooth limbs of a Greek goddess in
repose.

Leaping bodies flying by in a pattern
as uniform as a design. The slap of bare
feet upon the polished floor. The deadly
seriousness of young eyes absorbed in
rhythmic play. The sense of poetry in mo-
tion.

Steaming bodies. Clinging draperies.

A whirl of fluttering scarfs accentuating
the grace of arm movements in a dance of
the winds. The dropping of scarfs like the
flinging aside of garments, each scarf a

great splash of color on the floor, the
dancers leaping away with renewed free-
dom and abandonment.

The impossibility of relaxing between
dances. The air of suspended animation
apparent in the waiting figures.

Two jolly little nymphs, too substantial
to create the illusion of "faerie"—more like
gnomes playing tricks, or bacchanals at
their revels.

A bound captive straining at his chains,
writhing, twisting violently in torturous
agony, tugging, pulling, rolling back and
forth in endless agitation—finally breaking
loose the bonds. Rising in a silent exulta-
tion of freedom. Falling exhausted to the
floor.

An embodiment of supernatural fear, a
gyral figure of madness, delirious, frenzied.

The cessation of movement. The hot
faces of the dancers. Their deep breathing.
Their indifference to praise.

—Anonymous

THE B.G.—POLAR BEAR GAME

HAWKINS HELD 'EM!



ATTN BOY!!

RICKETS STEALING
SecondO. Dindot
sketched
after
scoring
two runsA POLAR BEAR
FAN AFTER THE
GAMETubby Tennant
wondering why he
didn't get a hit.He did a good
work behind
the plate.
we forgive 'im."Stew" Himes (WITH THE
Big "Seeqar") Giving Yoder
some coaching on how to
be popular with the coeds

BANNING

Bob Shetter
Posing a Just before
the game

QUILL-TYPE ELECTS FOUR NEW MEMBERS

The Quill-Type Club met on Wednesday evening, April 27, with 37 in attendance. After a short business meeting the chairman of the program committee announced an unusually fine program. Two piano solos were given by Miss Harris. Miss Horn had prepared a very interesting paper on "Cooperation Between Foremen and Superintendents." An excellent lesson in Parliamentary Drill was given by Miss Fortney. Other numbers quite as enjoyable were "Original Verse" by Miss Ogle and talk on Office Experiences by Miss Canfield. The last number was in the form of a spelling contest. Words which had been misspelled on tests were pronounced and spelled. Misspelling to Quill-Typers means, after all, more than circles around words in six-weeks tests.

New members taken into the Quill-Type were Selma Beckdolt, Dorothy Coriell, Lyle Beek and George Hopper. Quill-Type extends a hearty welcome to these new members.

The next program will be given on May 11 at which time will be announced the results of the spelling contest and also initiation of new members. No member can afford to miss this next program.

-:- -:- -:-

Mrs. Conrad: "Aren't you going with your dentist boy-friend anymore?"

Hope: "No more of him for me. Every time I went to see him at his office he tried to pull something."

-:- -:- -:-

Egbert (In Africa): "What! You've never heard of Adam and Eve?"

Cannibal: "No, sah, we always tune in on Amos 'n' Andy."

-:- -:- -:-

Perry: "Hey, mister, are these fresh eggs?"

Clerk: "Shhh! The hen doesn't know we got 'em yet."

-:- -:- -:-

May I hold your Palm Olive?

Not on your Life Buoy.

Then I'm out of Lux.

Yes, Ivory formed.

Then I get the Colgate?

I Woodbury that joke if I were you.

DORMAN'S LUNCH

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Prices Reasonable

"Eats That Satisfy"

Bright Skin

Novels of negro life are always interesting, particularly when they emanate from the pen of so accomplished an artist as Julia Peterkin. Readers of current literature will remember her as the author of "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary," winner of the Pulitzer prize.

Her new work is selling good; evidence that it is at least equal in merit to her former books. This story is of the simple negroes of the Carolinas, their superstitions, loves, hates, fears, and sorrows. The plot is perhaps negligible, but it is able to impress the reader with a sense that all being said is authentic and little if at all exaggerated.

Briefly, the story deals with a mulatto girl, Cricket, who is denominated a "bright skin" and a "no-nation" girl. She grows to womanhood, falls in love with a city brown, prepares to marry him, but, when he fails to show up at the ceremony, accepts a substitute in the person of Blue, her cousin. Her married life is not happy; she yearns for new faces, new scenes, new action. After running away to New York, she returns, gets a divorce from Blue, and leaves him in the backwoods sorrowful and disillusioned.

On the whole, the story is sincerely told, with good characterizations. We are not here blaming but praising, so when we say that it may be a bit tedious at times, we mean that it is only so because life is like that. We recommend "Bright Skin".

-:- -:- -:-

SYNICAL SYNONYMS

Forward—Any girl who looks back.

Garlic—Italy's National Air.

Jump—The last word in aviation.

VISIT
WARD'S
READY-
TO-
WEAR
DEPARTMENT

MONTGOMERY
WARD &
CO.

Those Dizzy Dennisonians

Hickory-dickory-dock
The mouse ran up the clock
The clock fell down and—
The cat had a ham sandwich.

D. H.

I wish I were a bull-dog,
I'd fight both night and day—
Until the walls should crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away. E.H.

'Twas the night before the formal
Not a fellow was in sight,
And Dot in all her splendor
Waited through the entire night. K. S.

I'm crazy 'bout the fellows,
'N they're crazy 'bout me,
For every time I look at one
Twenty look at me. I. K.

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